

The Daily Tar Heel

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Chas. G. Rose, Jr. Editor
Geo. W. Wilson Mgr. Editor
R. D. McMillan Bus. Mgr.

Wednesday, September 28, 1932

America—the Land of Political Corruption

The resignation of James J. Walker from the mayorship of America's greatest city and the profusion of corruption that was brought out by his hearing, focuses attention more forcibly than ever to the shameful political condition of the nation. Gross inefficiency and dishonest manipulation of public office have reduced this country to a moral level that would cause the nation's fathers to turn in their graves. What took place in New York under the Walker regime is merely a sample of what is transpiring in every town, county, and state in the land. Good government is the agency by which mankind exists and this most important function has been and is so misdirected and perverted that the name politician is synonymous with everything base and dishonest.

To protest against corruption in public office is in a measure to protest against human nature, yet there are bounds and limits to which both must be subjected if we may continue to exist. The malady is universal, but the United States possesses the most corrupt, lax, and inefficient system of local government of any considerable nation. There are many explanations, our great size, the character of our national strains, and the utter and bovine indifference of the masses to the conduct of their affairs are but a few. The spoils system introduced by Andrew Jackson set rolling a ball of political graft and rottenness that has accumulated such speed and size as threatens to destroy us. But the remedy and not the causes are the primary concern.

The outlook if no improvement is made is serious. If we continue as we are we must die the death of the *ancien regime* or Czarist Russia, who choked with their own decay sunk into a bloody oblivion. The guillotine in France and the firing squad in Russia are samples of the whirlwinds to be reaped by the unlucky politicians that flourish at the time when public indignation and action is aroused against its betrayers. There will be a change and the youth of today is the instrument that must effect it.

In England, remarkable for its long existence and the integrity which marks its government, the task of governing is a career. The candidate undergoes training, technical and ethical from his high school days and is given experience and instruction that enables him to honestly and efficiently fit into the system that has proved the most desirable. There is no reason why we should not profit by the example of the mother country, it will require time and effort but is a goal worth striving for. Politics as an honorable and scientific profession is far superior to a regime of cats-paws and ward heelers unfitted mentally and morally for the execution of a most demanding and vital of duties.—J.F.A.

Our Popular Hydra

Not many days ago the sophomore social orders began to make themselves conspicuous on the campus when their new initiates perform—chiefly for the benefit

of the freshmen, who alone will be entertained by the novelty of their demonstrations as they pass from class to class. Characteristically, the freshmen take it for granted that these organizations, along with most everything else at college, are "quite the stuff," but many students wonder what, if any, purpose they serve in college society.

Anyone who considers it worth his while to find out about the activities of the orders will discover that their members themselves are doubtful about their real usefulness and that there is considerable sentiment in favor of improving them and making them cease to be insignificant.

These social orders were originally started with the idea of bringing fraternities closer together, but having apparently lost sight of their avowed purpose they now seem to exist without any definite aim in view.

The DAILY TAR HEEL suggests that something be done to change them from useless appendages to necessary organs of campus activity.—W.F.B.

In This Democracy

Within the past two months the price of the stocks listed on the New York Exchange have risen phenomenally. This rise should ordinarily indicate a corresponding increase in car loadings, commodity indexes, corporation profits and various other "barometers" of trade, but this has not been the case. True, there has been some slight rise in these "barometers," but it has been so small as to hardly warrant the sharp upturn in stock quotations. This being so, what are the causes for this discrepancy, and what are its probable results?

We have the spectacle of this country, not yet out of one of the most terrible economic depressions known to history, busily paving the way for another, and probably still greater, depression. With the first sign of improved business the American public, that is, that part of the public with the financial means, rather than purchase good, sound, dividend-paying securities for investment purposes, has already begun an "orgy of speculation" that promises to outdo the mad rush to gamble in stocks witnessed in 1927-1928. Instead of the slow, steady upturn in business that would lead to a more or less permanent period of prosperity, we are viewing the beginning of another era of inflated credit and unprecedented pseudo "good times." But these "good times" will not be with us for long; the economic cycle is growing shorter, the machinery of business is geared too high. Before the realization is upon us, the entire inverted pyramid of modern credit business will have come tumbling down—irreparably, this time.

This is indeed a black picture, but not an improbable one. There is not much doubt that speculation in securities, unless curbed by federal legislation, will ruin this country. The original purpose of the Stock Exchange was to take the place of a lottery or a horse race. A market was wanted in which enterprises desiring expansion could sell worthwhile securities for the necessary cash. Why not stick to this original purpose, this ideal? If Congress would enact legislation forbidding the sale of stocks on margin, blind speculation with all its attendant evils would go—leaving the stock market to its legitimate purpose. No doubt such legislation would hit certain people pretty badly. The Morgans and the Mellons would certainly suffer untold losses. But what are the sufferings of a hundred million people compared

to those of a Morgan? Perhaps, then, Congress WILL not, CAN not pass such laws.—M.K.K.

Fame And Dame Fortune

You have probably heard this story before. It is not about the traveling salesman. Nor will it make you laugh. It is the story of two college students. One was a grade A scholar; the other was a famous football star, a grade D scholar. There was also a merchant—a wealthy merchant who owned a large department store. This merchant advertised for a young man who could occupy a decent salaried position in his store. It so happened that the two aforementioned students applied. They appeared before the merchant at the same time. The grade A scholar gave his name and accomplishments. To which the merchant replied:

"I'll think it over."
The football star gave his name.
"Not Hunky Dorry, the great football star!"
"Yes'r."

The reader probably knows which was appointed to the position.

The merchant thought this: "The grade A scholar is probably a good salesman and knows how to use his head. His grades in college show his ability."

On the other hand: "The football star is nationally known. If people know he works for me, they will trade more in order to have him sell them something. Besides he has learned to use his brain power in football. I'll appoint him."

Too many business men have this same idea. They are mistaken, for a football star's name does not last very long (with the exception of a very few) after his popularity wanes, his grade D standing appears. Then, the businessman realizes his mistake, the grade A man may not have the immediate popularity of the football player, but his high college rating will aid him throughout his life—not letting him down as fame often does.—H.P.

In The Main

By MAYNE ALBRIGHT

Best unintentional pun I have heard this season: A freshman in the game room reading the gilt letters on the door of the Grill, remarked gravely: "Guess that's where they have the Grill Dances."

In return for the privilege of reading a new book ahead of its release date, I promised Mary Dirnberger of the Bull's Head to write something about it. I am glad nobody reads book reviews for, not counting the title line, there were two misspelled words in this one. But the book, (Paul Green's *Laughing Pioneer*) is really good and you should read it. You may have a course with the author later and find it comes in handy.

The Class of '36 got off to a propitious start when it rained during Freshman Week and a dog appeared on chapel program. Both good signs which occur every year. Old timers recall a solemn wedding, the recital of a great singer, and innumerable lectures which have been interrupted by interested members of the canine population of the village. But the howling during Alumni President Lewis' speech last week reached a new height. Now that we have a new organ they might play "The Whistler and His Dog" to call 'em off.

After giving one of the groups of pre-freshmen about twenty minutes of lofty stuff about the glories of Phi Beta Kappa and the rewards of the industrious,

I asked if there were any questions. There were: "When does rushing season begin?" "How long before the game room opens?"

And by the way, shuffle board, the newest addition to the game room is about to surpass ping pong in popularity. Probably because its on the free list. It's a great game, but the most exciting time I have had this year was big game hunting. An enormous grasshopper flew into my office window and Slim Medford and I pursued him with darts from a target game downstairs. We never scored a fair hit, however, and he finally escaped by the window.

And speaking of Graham Memorial reminds me of the lost articles which have collected here. If they all belonged to one person and he came to get them, you might see him emerging from the marble halls equipped with a skull cap, a striped linen coat, a green slicker, a monocle, a French Horn, a green vase, and a dime. If you recognize any of these things as yours come and get them.

(Late Bulletin: Better hurry. The janitor has claimed the skull cap, the president of Women's Association the vase, and the manager of Graham Memorial the dime.)

The Ink Well
By Nelson Robbins

Welcome, freshmen, to Carolina... Where you can talk back to sophs... But had better not... Where you don't have to wear skull caps... Where you can be a socialist, communist, democrat, republican or baptist... But you will be a gentleman...

Where a certain math professor will take pains to explain to you with black-board work the smallest line and most insignificant figure... And another will work problems, very likely, in the clear air with his forefinger... Where English professors will require you to trace each word in the lesson back to the Latin roots... And a famous geologist will crack the same jokes on class each day and remind you frequently that "you are largely what you are, because you are where you are"...

Where co-eds are not liked... But are dated up weeks ahead...

Where juniors and seniors may get their names on the Dean's list and be given the privilege of cutting all classes, if they maintain an average of "B" on all studies... And have their names promptly dropped from the list, if they take too many cuts...

Where you are surrounded by the best moral and religious forces... And, where, seemingly, half the state comes to get drunk on the occasion of every big game...

Welcome to the oldest, the most inconsistent, the most liberal, and, often, the strictest, the most scholastic, and, above all, the grandest old state University in the country.

It might be mildly interesting to know how some folks get that way about chiseling in without permission at or near the head of a waiting line, as happened in the Tin Can on registration day and very frequently happens at the post-office and other places when people have to stand in line to be served, and each newcomer is by common courtesy expected to take his place at the foot of the line. It is, of course, rather a trivial matter, but no one who has been waiting for perhaps an hour, exactly relishes the idea of some person rude-

ly breaking into the line ahead. Co-eds seem to be the worst offenders. An old southern sense of chivalry, or something, usually leads most of the male students here to proffer their places in line to any ladies who will wait for the invitation, but no one likes the idea of a girl strutting imperiously, and without permission, to the head of a line as if that were her inalienable right. With the women of our nation waging such a strenuous fight for equality for lo! these many years, it would seem that the dear ladies would not now require quite so much pampering. And, as for the male chiselers—it seems a pity that hazing in all forms is prohibited here.

Chapel Hill Beauty Spots: The Episcopal church by moonlight... the carrillon tower in the rain... the old University well... the Thanksgiving crowd in Kenan stadium... Carolina Inn at twilight... the library.

Written on an eight-thirty math class:
Gentle Morpheus, I would dwell with thee—
While countless suns might set—
E'en through time and space and eternity—
To sleep and rest and forget.

Midnight. The soft, gentle sound of falling rain. Rhythmic rain. Little minor cadences of song come from the eaves and mingle with the louder tones from the tin roof. The ivy walls are dripping with the autumn rain. In the long hours from dark to dawn... lullaby of the rain... peaceful... little thoughts come like mice peeping from their holes and scurry back again... again... midnight... rain... thoughts of tomorrow... perhaps there will be no tomorrow. But tomorrow... is almost here... a few more hours of work before the dawn... and classes... O Tempore, O Morpheus, O Everything.

OUR TIMES
By Don Shoemaker

Old Wine And New

Students in the commerce school who have registered for several advanced commerce courses are instructed to read Stuart Chase's *A New Deal*, the latest political pronouncement from the pen of the most prolific of our young economists.

After twelve years of a status approaching almost total aridity, economics 35 takes a new lease on life and adopts James Truslow Adam's masterpiece *An American Epic*, as the course text book. If the latter course can ever be interesting, now is its chance.

The mere fact that students are brought into contact with the modern slant of an allegedly jejune subject is gratifying in itself.

Several years ago Dean Carroll of the commerce school journeyed northward in quest of a new mentor for accounting courses in his school. He interviewed Chase, the same gentleman responsible for *A New Deal*, in an effort to induce him to come to Chapel Hill and take over the accounting division of the college. Chase was willing, but thought that his principles

and particularly those of his wife, a more-than-ardent partner in his political views, might be too radical for Chapel Hill as he knew it. Chase professes socialism.

Thus is the picture of "little liberal Chapel Hill," "the New Haven of the South," the "focal point of Dixie culture," as seen by a modern thinker.

Gotterdammerung

Seven Greek letter houses have passed from the university, notes the Wisconsin *Daily Cardinal*. Five sororities and two fraternities felt the effect of last year's economic pressure and vacated their respective abodes. Which leads us to wonder if the fraternity system, which has long cluttered the campi of our large universities in disproportionate quantity is at last on the decline. Fraternities at the University of North Carolina have decreased from thirty-three to twenty-eight in numbers in the past three years. Other institutions report a similar decrease and observe that there is a tendency toward local instead of national organization in some quarters. Revenue from dues and initiation fees which cannot be raised due national centers is responsible for the latter movement.

Just as the textile, tooth paste, and automotive industries, the Greek letter trade is overcrowded.

George Bernard Shaw says that within 30 centuries children will talk as soon as they are born, which makes us rejoice that we live in the good old days.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

Marlene DIETRICH in BLONDE VENUS



Playing an American Woman for the First Time! A Paramount Picture with HERBERT MARSHALL CARY GRANT Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG "In Your Hat," A Paramount Act Also a Screen Souvenir NOW PLAYING CAROLINA MIDNIGHT SHOW "Night Mayor" Doors Open at 11:30

GRAIL DANCE
Saturday Night, Oct. 1
Jack Wardlaw and His Carolina Tar Heel Orchestra Will Furnish Music
Tickets go on sale 10:30 Friday morning at Pritchard-Lloyd's and Book Exchange
BYNUM GYM